

**THE
PALIS OF**
Honoure Compeled by
Gawyne dowglas Bys-
shope of Dunkyll.

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¶ God sauē Quene
Marye.

C The pallis



Whan pale Aurora with face lamentable
Hir cussat mancill bozderit all with sable
Lappit about be heuinlye circumstance
The tender bed and ares honorabile
Of flora quene till flouris amyable
In may I crays, to do my obseruance
And entrit in a garding of plesance
With sole depaint, as paradys amyable
And blisfull bewes, with blomed variance.

So craftely dame flora had ouer fret
Hir heuinly bed, powderit with mony a set
Of Ruby, Topas, Perle, and Emerant.
With balmy dewe, bat hit, and kyndly voet,
Muhil vapours hote right fresche and wele ybet
Dulce of odour, of flewour most fragant
The siluer droppis on dayseis distillant.
Muhil verdour branches ouer the alars set
With smoky sence ye mystig reflectant.

The fragrant flouris blomand in their leis
Ouerspred ye leues of naturis tapestreis.
Aboue the quibusk with heuinly armoneis
The birdes sat on twisit is and on gretis
Melodiously makand thair kyndly gleis
Muhois schill notis, for dinned al the skyis.
Of reparess ay; the econ cryis.
Amang the branchis of the blumed treis.
And on the launders siluer droppis lyis.

Muhill that I rokmed in that paradice
Replenished and full of all delice

Dix

Of honour.

Out of the sea, Eous alist his heid.

I meyne the hors quhilk drawis at deuice

The assiltre and goldin chaire of pyte

Of Tytan, quhilk at morowe semis reid.

The new colorow that al the night lay deid

Is restored, baich fowlis, flowris, and ryce

Recomfort was, chrow Phibus gudlyheld.

¶ The dasy and the Maryguld onlappis

Muhilis all the nicht lay with chair leuis happye

Thaim to preserue fra rewmes ynglyue

The umbrate treis that Tytan about wappit

Wat portrait, and on the erch yschappit.

Be goldin bemes viuificatiue.

Muholis amene hete is most restorative.

The gershoppers amangis the vergers gnappit

And beis wrocht materiall for chait hyue.

¶ Richt halsom was the sessoun of the zeir.

Phibus, furth ȝet depurde bemes clir

Haist nutritiue cyll all thynges vigitant.

God Eolus of wynd list nocht apper.

Nor ald Saturne with his mortall spetr.

And bad aspect contrar til every plant.

Neptunus nolde within that palace hant.

The beriall stremes ryunning men nicht heit

By bonkis grene with glancis variant.

¶ For till beholde that heuinaly place complete

The purgit ay, with new engendrit hete:

The soyl enbroude with colowr, vre, and sturt:

The tender grene, the balmy droppes swete:

C The palls

So reiolyt and confort wes my sprete
I nox wes it a vision or fanton.
Amyd the buskys rowmyng myn alone
Within that garth of all plesans replete
A voce I hard preclare as phebus schone.

¶ Syngand O may chow myrrout of soles
Maternall moneth lady and maistres
Tyl every thing adoun respiratur.
Thyn heinly werk and worthy craftnes
The small herbis constrenis tyl encres
O verray ground tyl werkynge of nature.
Muhois hie curage and assurayt cure
Lauis the erth his frutis tyll expres
Dyffundant grace on every creature.

¶ Thy godly lye, cunyng incomparabyl
Dancis the savage bestis maist vnstabyl:
And expellis all that nature infestis.
The knoppis syomys with leuys agreabyl
For tyl reuert and burgione ar maid abyll
Thy myrrh refreschis birdis in chair nestis.
Muhiikis the to pypse and nature never restis.
Confessand 3ou maist potent and louabyl
Amanig che brownyngs of the olyue thoystes.

¶ In the is rute and augment of curage.
In the enforcis martis vassalage.
In the is amorus ius and armony
With incrementis fresche in lusty age
Muha that constrenit ar in luffis rage
Addressand paine with obseruans ayly

Wel

Of honour.

Well auchtyst the tyl gloze and magnify.
And with that woorde I tasye my vissage
Gloze effrayit half in a frenisye.

¶ O Nature quene and O ze lussy May
(Quod I)cho, quhoo lang sail I thus foruay?
Muhilk 3ow and Venus in this garth deseruis,
Reconsell me out of this gret affray.
That I maye fyngre 3ow landis day be day.
ze that al mundane creaturis preseruis.
Consort 3our man that in this fanton steruys.
With sprete arrasyt, and euery wit away.
Quakynge for fere baith puncys, vane and neruis.

¶ My fatal werd, my febyl wit I wary
My dasyt heid quham lake of brane gart veray,
And no sustene so amyabyll a soun
With ery curage febyl strenchis sary
Bownand me hame and list no langst tary
Out of the ay come ane impressioun.
Thow quhois lycht in extasy or swooun,
Amyd the vergultis all in tyl a fary
As semynine so feblyt fell I doun.

¶ And with that glenne so dasyt wrg my mythe.
Muhill chair remanit nochtir voce nor lyche.
Bretch motione, nor heis naturale.
Haw neuist man so faynt a leuand wyrche.
And na ferly for ouer excelland lyche.
Lozuppis the wit and gartys the blud awaile
On tyl the hart that it no danger ale.

Duhet

Whan it is smot, membris wyrkes not riche
The dredfull terror, sua did me assaile.

Wyat the last I not whou long a space
I lytell hete aperyt in my face.
Whilk had to fore beyn pale and woyde of blud
Tho in my slewen I met a ferly cace.
I thought me set within a desert place
In myda forest by a hydous flud
Wich gryslly fysche, And schortly tyl conclus
I shall descryue (as god wil geue me grace)
My auision: in turell termes rude.

finis.



The Palsys of Honour.

Thō barrant wyt ouerset with faneafys,
Schaw now the craft that in thy memo; lys,
Schaw now thy shame, schaw now thy bad myfes,
Schaw thyndyt, repul of rethorys,
Schaw now thy beggit termis, mare than thyris,
Schaw now thy rans, and thyndyng barlottree,
Schaw now thy dull exhaust thanyng,
Schaw furth thy cure, and wryte their frenesys
Quhilkis of thy sempyll cumyng takpe the.

CMy rans sprete in that deserte terrbill
Approchit nere that hgly flude horrybill
Lyk tyll Cochpte, the ruer infernall
Wryth hyle watty quhilk mad a hydduis trubbyll
Rynnand ouerhed, blud red, and impossibyll
That it had byn a ruer naturall.
With brayis bare, rauis tochtis lyke to fall.
Quhare on na gets, nor herbys wer hisibyll
Bot skaupis bryst, with blastis boypall.

CThys laythly flude, rymland as thondys routys
In quhain the fysche zelland as eluys schoutys
That zeipis wypide my hering all fordeuyt
Tha grom monstris my spretis abhoryst and donys
Not throu the soyl, bet muskan treis sproutys
Combust, battant, unblomyst, and bulenyst.
Ald rottyn tunis quhaint no sap was leyst
Moch, all wast, widdxit with grants mouyst
I ganand den, quhaint moxhutars men reuyt.

CQuhaicfore my selyn a boas richt fore agay.
This wyldernes abhomynable and wast

The Pals

(In quhom na thing wes nature consonant)
Was dyk as rok the quhilk the see vpcast.
The quhylung wond blew manyn byttis blast,
Runcis ratlit and hnethe myght I hand,
Out throu the wode I crap on fute and hand,
The ryuar stank, the treis clattere fast,
The soill was not bpt marres, sylk, and sand?

And not but caus my spretts were abasyt
All solitaire in that desett attasyt.

Adversity
tion of the
in constanc
of fortune
Allas I said is non other remedie,
Cruel fortoun quhy hes thow me betrasyt?
Quhy hes thow thus my fatall end compasyt?

Allas allas, fall I thus sone be dede
In this desett, and wait non bther rede,
Bet be deuoyt wth sum best rauanus,
I wepe, I wale, I plene, I cry, I plede,
Inconstant wrold and quhetl contrarius!

Cthy transitory plesans quhat auaylys?
Now thare, now heire, now hie, and now deuylis;
Now to, now fro, now law, now magnifys,
Now hote, now cald, now lauhcys, now benalys,
Now felik, now batt, now wety, now not alys,
Now gud, now euyl, now weis, and now dylys,
Now pow promittis, and ryght now you deny is
Now wo, now weil, now ferm, now freulius,
Now gam, now gram, now louys, now desys;
Inconstant wrold and quhetl contrarius,

CHa quha suld haft assyans in thy blys?
Ha quha suld haft hym esperans in this?
Quhilk is allace la frensch and varianc,

Terce

of monone.

Certis nōte, sum hes, no wiche, supthly sp.

Than hes my self bene gylty, za I wys,

Thairsore allace sall danger thus me danc,

Duhyddi is bycum sa lone thus duylg han,

And veys translat in wyney furpus,

Thus I bewale my fatis repugnant,

Incostant wario and quhete contrarius.

CBydand the deid yus in myn extasy,

Adyn I hard approachyng fast me by,

Du hylk mouit fra the plage septentrional,

IIs heyyd of bestis stampyng with loud cry,

Wot than (god wate) quhoy assytyt wes I,

Craigstand cyl be stranglyt with bestial,

Imyd a stok richt preualy I shall,

Du hare lukand out anone I dyd espy,

Ane lusty tout of bestis rational.

COf ladyis fair and gudly men arraye,

In constant weid that well my spretis papit,

Wylth deyest mynd quhate in all wyt aboundyng,

Full sobyly thatchaknais thay assate

Estyng the fectis auld and nor forrayt,

Thair hie prudence schewfuch and nothyng rotundit,

With gude effere quhate at the wod resoundyng,

In stedfast ordour to vysy onastryt,

Thay rydyng furth with stabylnes ygtoundyng,

The que
offaspre
wylth hys
court.

CAlmyddys quham borne in ane goldyn chare

Duyrstret with perle and stonyis maist preclare

That drawin wes by harknays sour, mylk quhyt,

Was set a quene, as lilly swete of sware.

B. II.

In purpug

The Palyss

In purpur robe hemmed with gold silk gare.
Whilk hemmyt clasps cloþe all patyts
A Diademe madis pleasandly polyte
See on the tressys of her gyltyn hase
End in her hand a sceptre of delte;

Syne next her rayed in granyt violat
Ell. Dampylles ilk aine in theyz estate
Whilkis semp of hyz conseil most secre
And next thaym wes a lusty bout god wate
Lordis, ladyis, and mony fair prelate;
Saith boyn of his estate, and law degré,
Furth with thair quene, thay al by passyt me
Ane esp pase, thay tydying furth the gate.
And I abaid alone within the tre,

Cand as the rout wes passyt one, and one
And I remanand in the tre alone
Out thow the wode come rydand caulus twane,
Ane on ane asse, a wedy about his mone.
The tothyz said, ane hyddows horz apone;
I passyt furth and fast at thaym did frane.
What men thay wer, thay answerewe agane,
Our namps ben, Achitel, and Synone,
That by our fittell menys, sell hes blane.

Cwait ze (quod I) what signifys zon contz
Synon sayd za, and gaue ane hyddows schouz
We wzechys bene ablect thair fts I wps,
Zone is the quene of Sapience, but dour
Lady Minerue, and zone, xii. hit about
At the prudens Sibyllas full of blys,

Craftye
Synone,
and false
Achitel

Callandys

of honour.

Cassandra, esch Melibea, and Cicilia
The faciale sytteris, twynand our weldeþ one
Judith, Jael, and mony a þroþetis.

Cubilis groundt ar in syt intelligens,
And thair is als in to zone court gone hens a modirys yere
Clerkis diuine, wþþ þroþewys cutius,
Is Salomon the well of sapientis,
And Trestotyl, fulþillet of prudens,
Salust, Seneca, and Titus Llulus.
Pitthagoras, Porphure, Hermenodus,
Helysset with his lawis but defencis,
Sidrag, Secundus, and Solenus.

Cþotholomeus, Iþocreas, Socrates,
Empedocles, Neptenebus, Hermes,
Galien, Auerroes, and Plato,
Enoch, Lameth, Job, and Diogenes
The eloquent and prudent Willies,
Wyse Josephus, and facund Cicero,
Mcchissech with oþyþ monymo,
Thatt viage lyts thowz out this wilderness,
To the þalice of honour all thay go.

CIs situat from hens ligges ten hundryz,
Our horlys oft, or we be thatt wyl fundyz,
Idew we may no langer heire remane,
Or thatt ze passe (quod I) tell me this wondyz
How thatt ze wrecypt cariis thus at hundryz,
At sociat, with this court souetane,
Zchitesell, maid this answer agane.

knowis.

The Balys

Knowis thow not hastena quake and thundry,
It oft in May with mony shour of game.

Rechefel
consent
bys own
erastnes
deceyt and
abused
Crycht so we bene in tyll this company
Our wyt abowndit and hys pites lewely,
My wysdome ays fulfyllyt my despise,
As you may in the bþþþþ well aspy;
How Davids prayer put my counsell by,
I gatt his sonne aganyg hym conspyre,
The quhilke wes slane, quhairfore vp be the lmpye.
My self I hangit frustat la sowlely,
This synon wes a gret, that casys syre,

Sinons.
erastnes.
Cfirst in to Troy, as Virgyll doys reporte,
Sa cratourlyk maid hym be daw over who,
Quhill in he bþocht the hors with men of armys,
Quhale thow the towne distrest wes at schort,
(Quod I) is this zour destany and sorte,
Curlyt be he that forowis for zour harmys,
For ze bene schrewis basty be goddis armys,
Ze wll optene nane entres at zome pozt,
Bot gyf it be thraw sozerty of charmyz,

Cingres tyll hane (quod thay) we not presume,
It sufficis bþþþ se the palice blunie,
And stand on eadame quhare berys folk bene charris,
For tyll remane adew we hane na tume
This ilk way cumis ye courtis be our dume
Of Diane, and Venus, that seil bes matryt,
With that thay taid awa, as thay wer skarryt,
And I agayne maist lyk ane elcyn grume,
Cap in the muskane abyn stok mycharris,

Thus

of Honour.

CThus wretchedly I maid my resydence,
Imagynand fell lyse for sum defence,
In contrare sauage bestis maist cruell,
For na remed bot deid be violence.
Sum tyme asswagis feblit indegence
Thus in a part I reconfort my self,
Bot that so istyll wes I dat nocht tell.
The stychlyng of a mows out of presence
Had bene till me inate bgsun than the hell.

stan.

Czit glaid I wes that I with thaym had spokyn.
Had not bene that certis my hatt had brokyn
For megrnes and pusillamptee.
Remanand thus within the tre al lokyn
Disyrand fast sum signys, or sum tokyn,
Of lady Venus, and of hir companee.
A hatt transformyt ran fast by the tree,
With houndis rent on quham Dian wes wrokyn.
Thatby I vnderstude that sehe wes nee.

CThay had tofore declarit hit cumyng,
Whare perlytly for thy I knew the syng.
Wes action, quhilk Diane nakyn watys
Bathyng in a well and etk hit madynys syng.
The goddes wes cominouyt at this thing.
And hym in forme hes of a hatt translatie,
I saw(allace) his houndis at him latte:
Bak wert he blent to gyf thaym knawlegyng.
Tha raiſ that lord myſt new hym at thaym batte.

CSyne ladyis come with lusty gilern trelyng
In habit wild maist lyke till forstallys.

Amrdbys

The palice

Impddys quham heich on ane Cliphanc
In syng that sche, in chaste increys
Raid Blane that ladyis hattis drellys
Cyl be stabl and na way inconstane,
God wot that name of thaynis bawane,
all chaste and trew virginite professys,
I not, bot few I saw with Blane hant.

In til that court I sawe none present
Geptyis doughtit a lusty lady gen^te
Offeryt cyl god in hit virginite,
Hollcreva I wys wes not absent
Pantheisse with manrys hardymene
Effygyn, and Witgenus, douchet fer
With vther floutis offentyre
Batch of the new, and the ald testamens
All on thay raid, and left me in the tre.

CIn that deset dispers in sondys flattyn^t,
Were helwys bare quham rane and wynde on battyn^t
The watys stank, the feild was odious
Quhar Dragonys, lessertis, aslais, edders flattyn^t
With mouthis gapand, forkyt tayles tattyn^t,
With mony a stang, and spoutis bennoious,
Corruppyng ay^t be reume contagious
Mairt gretis and vyle empesont clowdis clatteryn^t,
Rekand lyk hellys, smoke sulfurpus.

My dasyt hed lordlyt dissly,
I dasyt vp, half in a letery,
Als dots a catpus pdzonken in sleep
And so oppetyt cyl my fance

a myght

OF HONOUR.

I schynand lyche out of the nozhest sky.
The quhilke with cure till heir I did tak kepe,
Proportion soundis dulcet hard I pepe,
In musyk nowmet full of harmony
Distant on far wes carit be the depe,

Cfarther by watty^r folk may soundis heere
Than by the erth, the quhilke with portis sete
Up dynkis ay^r that mouit is by sound,
Quhilke is compact wattle of ane riuere
Ay^r nocht entre, bot rynays thare and here,
Quhil it, at last be carryit on the ground,
And thocht throw dyn be experiance is found,
The fysch ar causyd within the riuere stede
Inoth the watty^r the nols doot not abound.

CUtolenc dyn the ay^r brekis and detis
Synne gree motion of ay^r the watty^r steris
The watty^r scrapt, fischis for ferdnes flets,
Bot out of dout no fysch in watty^r heris.
For as we se ryght lew of thaym has Eris,
And eik forsyth, bot gyf wyle clerkitis lets,
That is nane ay^r Inoth watters nor lets,
But quhilke na theng may heire (as wyse men letis)
Lyk as but lycht thairt is na theng that lets.

CUnewch of this I not quhat it may mene
I wyll returne till declare all bedene
My dreidfull dreame with gryfle fantaçyis,
I schew tofore quhat I had hard and sene
Perticulary sum of my paynfull tene,
But now god wate quhate ferdnes on me lyis

C.1,

Langre

The Pals

Langere (I sayd) and now this tyme is thys
A sound I hard of angellys as it had bene
With armony fordymaned all the skys:

Co so dulce, so swete and so melodius.
What euera mycht thairt with mycht he forouie

That every wryght that with myght be to pouys
Bot I and caittis dullit in dispate.

Set 3 and tactics sumit in onspates
for aubens a man to March as Furius

For quhen a man is wryth or furtius
can not be Malancolypk for wo or tediis
merry Than is al plesance till hym maist

Than is al plesance till hym maist contrare,
And semblably than so did wyth me fare.

And trembly than, to do with the last,
The malady taken but in the g

This melody intonyt heutinly thus

For profound wo constreynct me mak care.

...and the *lungs* are *normal* and *well* *perfused*.

And murnand thus as ane maist wofull wychi
Of the mate nlesand court I had a lach.

¶ Of the maist plesand court I had a lyght.
¶ In world a down fer to dom was crete.

In wold adoun sen Adam wes create.

Deuinelye
harmomye
Duhat sang, quhat soy, quhat armory, quhat lyghte,
Duhat myrthfull solace plesance all at ryghte,
Duhat fresh bewte, quhat excelland estat,
Duhat swete vocis, quhat wordis suggurate,
Duhat fair debatis, quhat iussum ladyis bychis,
Duhat lusty gallandis did on thair seruycce wate.

¶ quhat gudly pastance? and quhat mensraly?

Duhat game thay maid, in fatch not tell can 3.

Choct I bad profond wit angelcall.

The heuynly soundis of thair armow

The heavenly founders of that atmosphere
Was dominant so very dear fantasy.

Has dyminyt so my dreyv fantasy.
so with love and reason holdest left of all

**Baith wit and reason, half is lost of a
man; the other half is lost if he forgoes**

3yt(as I know) als lychtly say I fall

That angellyk and godly company.

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卷之三

of Honour.

Cyll se me thochte a chyng celestiall.

CProcedand furth wes drawne charioote
Be cursuris twelv trappit in great veluote.
Of syne gold wer tuncturis and harnasyngis.
The lymuris wer of bymyr gold god wote.
Baith extre and quheles of gold I hote.
Of goldyn cord wer lyamps and the styrngis
Festynct in massy goldyn ryngis
Cupz hamps conuentent so sic note,
And raw silk bzechamps ouyz thair halsys byngis.

Goodly apparel.

CThe body of the cart of cuitt bothe,
With crysolitys and mony pretious stone,) wes all onisctet in deis proportionis.
Lyke sterlys in the firmament quhilkis schone,
Reperalit wes that godlyk plesand wone.
Tyldyt abone and to the erth adoun.
In rychest clath of gold of purpur brown
Bot fas nor othyr frenzeis had it none.
Saue plate of gold anamallit all fassoun.

CQuhairfra dependant hang thair megyz bellys
Sum round, sum thraw in sound the quhilkis excellis
All wer of gold of Araby maist syne
Quhilkis with the wynd concordandy so knellys
That to be glad thair sound al wycht compellys.
The armony wes so melodius syne.
In manrys voce and instrument diuine
Quhare so thay went it semyt nothyng ells,
Bot Hierarchyes of angellys ordour nyne.

ER Impd

The Palys

Camyd the chare fulfyllyt of plesaunce,
<sup>Venus
byz course.</sup> A lady lat at quhais obeysance.
Wes all that roun: and wondryz is til herte
Of hit excelland lusty countenance.
Hit herte bewte quhilk mayst is til auance,
Precellys all thair may be na compete,
For lyk Phebus in hiest of his spere
Hit bewtye schane castand so greet a glance
All farched it opprest baith fat and nere.

Chcho wes peircles of schap and porttature,
In hit had nature fynesyt hit cure.
As for gud hauyngis chair wes nane bot sche,
And hit array wes so syne and so pure,
That quhair of wes hit rob, I am not sure,
For nocht bot perle and stonys mycht I se,
Of quhaim the bryghtnes of hit hie bewte.
For till behald my lyght myght not endure
Moze than the bryght sonne may the bakkis C.

Chir hair as gold or topasis wes he wyt,
Quha hit beheld hit bewtie ay renewyt.
On heid sche had a creste of dyamantis,
That wes na wycht that gat a sycht, eschewyt.
Met he nevir sa constant nor weil thewpe,
Na he was woundis and him hit seruant grantis.
That heuinaly wycht hit cristall Cyn so dantis,
For blenkis swete nane passit vnpersewyt
Bot gyf he wer preseruit as thir sanctis.

Aw I wondryt soze and in mynd did stare,
Quhat creature that mychte be wes so fare,

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of honour.

Of sa petries exelent womanheid.
And farlyand thus I saw within the chare
Whiche that a man wes set with lymmes square,
His body weil entalzeit every steid.
He bare a bow with darts haw as leid.
His clethyng wes als grene as ane hountare:
Bot he forsluyth had none Eyn in his hed.

Strood
Cupyn

CI bnderstude by signis persauabill,
That wes Cupyd the god maist dissauabill,
The lady Venus his mother a goddes,
I knew that wes the court so variabill,
Of erdly luf quhilke sendill standis stabill,
Bot yf thayz myrh and solace nevertheles,
In musik tone and menschlyc expres,
So craftely with corage aggreadill,
Hart never wicht sic melody I ges.

CAccompanye lusty sonkers with all,
Fresche ladyis sang in voce virgineall.
Concordes swete, diuers entoned reportis,
Proportionis syne with sound celestiall
Duplat, triplat, diatesettiall,
Hesque altra, & decupla resortis,
Diapason of mony syndry sortis
Wat songin, and plait be seir cunnyng menschall,
On luf ballattis with mony fayt dispoxis.

Spaykes

CIn Modulatioun hard I play and syng
Faburdown, pricksang, discant, conturyng
Cant organe, figuraiton, and gemmell,
On crowd, late, harp, with mony gudly spyyng.

Chalmis

The Pals

Schalmis claronis, portatuis, hard I ryng,
Monycord, organ, tympane, and symbell,
Syrcholl, psalter, and vocis swete as bell,
Hofte releschyngis in dulce delyueryng
Fractyonis diuise at rest or clos compell.

CNot Pan of archald so plesantly playis
Nor king David quhatis playng as men sayis,
Confutis the spreit, the quhilk kyng Saul consoundis
Nor Amphion with mony subtile layis.
Quhilk Thebes wallis with harpyng in his dayis
Nor he that first the subtile craftis foundis
Was not in musik hale so well groundis.
Nor knew that mesure tent dele be no wayes
At that resort bath heuyn and erd resoundis.

CNa mare I vnderstude thit noumeris fyne
Be god than dois a gekgo or a swyne
Saue that me thynk swete soundis gude to hest
Na mair heiton my labour will I syne.
Na mair I wyl thit verbilys swete diffyne,
How that thair musik, tones war mair cleir
And dulcer than the mouyng of the spreit.
Or Orpheus harpe of trace with sound diuyns
Glaskeryane maid na noyes competir.

CThay condescend sa well in ane accord,
That by na Iuynt thair soundis bene discord,
In every key thay weren sa expert,
Of thair array gyld I suld mak record
Lusty spryngaldis and mony gudly lord,
Endys songlyngis with pietuous virgin harte.

Eldae

of honour.

Eldar ladyis knew mair of lustis art.
Divers btheris quikis me not list remord
Quhais lakkest weid was silkis or brounwert;

CIn bestutis quent of mony syndry gyse
I saw all clairth of gold men mycht deuse,
Purpur coulour, punyk and skarlot he wis,
Veluot robbis maird with the grand assye,
Dames satyn begarpit mony wyse.
Cramessy satin, veluos embrounde in divers rewis
Satyn figuris champit with flouris and bewis,
Dame flure, tere, pyle quhare on thair lyis
Perle, orphany quhilk every state renewis.

CChare tyche entice mairt petles to behald,
My wyt can not descriue howbo it I wald
Mony entrappit stede with sylkis sere.
Mony pattrell neruyt with gold I cald
Full mony new gyld harnasyng not ald.
On mony palfray lusum ladyis cleere.
And nyxt the chare I saw somest appere
Upon a bardyl cuttere stout and blad.
Mars god of stys entempt in bygnist gete.

vers. 2

CEvery inuasibill wapyn on hym he bare
His luke was grym, his body large and square,
His lymmys well entaileit til be strang,
His nek wes gret a span lenth well ox mare:
His vissage braid with crisp broun cutland hase,
Of statur not ouyz gret nor zit ouyz lang.
Behaldand Venus, O ze my luss(he sang)
And scho agane with dalyans sa fare

¶

The Palys

Hic knyght hym clepis quare so he tyde or gang;

Lovers

Charr wes arsyte and palemon allwa,
Accumppanyit with fare Emlypa.
The quene Dido with hit fals luf Enee.
Trew Troplus, unfaþfull Cressida.
The fair Paris, and plesand Helena;
Constant Lucres, and traist Penolype,
Kynd Pittamus, and wobegone Thysbe.
Dolorus Progne, criste Philomena.
Kyng Davids luf thare saw I Bartsabe.

Chare wes Ceir with the Kynd ascyon,
And achilles wroth with agamemnon,
For Brysida his lady ha hym tane,
Wofull Phyllis with hit luf Demoophan,
Subtel Medea, and hit knyght Jasone.
Of fare, I saw to thair Paris, and Kleane,
Chare wes Phedra, Thesyus and adriane.
The lecete wyse hardy Ipomedon.
Allwere, Hester, icrapreueabill Susane.

Chare wes the fals unhappy Dalida,
Cruel wikkyt and curst Dyoneta.
Waret Bibles, and the fait Absolon,
Pisophele, abhomyabill Sylla.
Trastram, Psicle, Helcana and Anna.
Cleopatra, and worthy Mark anthon.
Iole Hercules, aicest Ixion.
The onely pacient wyse Cressida
Metillus that hit hed brak on a Ron.

Chare

of honour.

CThere wes Jacob, with fai Rachel his make
The quhilke become til Laban for hit sake,
Ellis, zere boynd with fyrm hart Immutabill,
Thatt bene bot few sic now I undertake,
This fai ladyis in silk and clatch of Lake
Thus lang fall not all foundyn be so stabyll:
This Venus court, quhilke wes in lufe maist abill
for till discrene, my cunning is to wake
A multitude thay wet innumerabill.

COf gudly folk in euery kynd and age,
With blenkis swete, fresh, lusty grene curage
And Dalyans, thay rydyng furth in fere,
Sum letuys in hope, and sum in great thyrlage,
Sum in dispere, sum findis his palys swage
Garlandis of floutis and rotis chaplettis fere
Thay bare on hede and samyn sang so clere.
Quhil that thair myrth commouit my curage
Till syng this lay, quhilke folowand ze may here.

CConstenyt hart bylappit in distres
Groundit in wo and full of heuynes,
Complene thy paynfull caris infinyte,
Bewale this worldis frele vnstedfastnes,
Hauand regrait, sen gone is thy glaidnes,
And all thy solace, returnyt in disperte
O catiue thy all inuolust in disperte
Confesse thy fatale wo full wrezchitnes,
Divide in twane and furth diffound all tyte,
Aggrevance greet in miserabill endyte,

baller or
inconstanc
loue.

D.1.

Cyp

The Palyſ

My crewell faiſt ſubiectit to penance
Predeſtinat ſa bold of all pleſance,
Has every greif amyd myn hart in graue.
The flyd incoſtant deſtany or chance,
Unequaly doith hyng in thair ballance,
My demetis and gret dolour I haue,
This purgatory redowblyg all the laue.
Ilik wycht haſ ſum weſfare at obeſtance.
Haue me byſaying that may na grace reſtaue
Dede the addreſſe and do me to my graue.

No worth ſik strang myſforon anopus
Quhilk haſ oppreſt my ſpētis maſt Iopus.
No worth thiſ worldis freuch felicitee.
No worth my feruent diſeis dolozus
No worth the wycht that iſ not pietuous
Quhate the treſpallor penitent thay ſe.
No worth thiſ dede that dayly dois me de,
No worth Cupyd, and no worth fals Venus
No worth thaym bayth, ay waryt mot thay be,
No worth thair court and culyk deſtane.

Loude as I mocht in dolour al diſtrenzeſt
This lay I ſayng and not a lettir fenzeſt
Tho ſaw I Venus on hir lyp diſ byte.
And all the court in haſt thair horſys tenzeſt,
Proclamand loude quhace iſ ȝone poſd that plenzeſt,
Quhilk deſt diſeis committand ſik diſpice.
Fra tre to tre thay ſerchyng but reſpyte,
Quhill ane me ſand quhilk ſaid in greif diſdenzeſt
Quant belane thou reclus imperſyte,

OF HONOUR.

Till in aye feyȝ out of my muskan bowȝ
On kuees I crap and law for feare did lowȝ.
Than all the court on me thayȝ hedis schuke
Sum glowmand grym, sum grinand with vissage sowȝ
Sum in the nek gaue me fell dyntis dowȝ.
Bluk at the craw thayȝ cryit, deplome the ruke
Pulland my hate, with blek my face theyȝ bruke,
Skrymmyr servy gais me mony a cloȝ.
For chyppynutry full oft my chaftis quuke.

With Payne, torment, thus in thayȝ teynfull play
Till Venus bund thayȝ led me furth the way.
Nuhilk than wes set amyd a golden chare,
And so confoundit into that fell affray
Is that I myght consydyȝ thair array,
We thocht the feild ouirspred w carpetis face
(Nuhilk wes tofore brynt barrant bile & bare)
Wer maist plesand, bot all (the luyth to say)
Myght not amese my gnewous pane full sare.

CEntronit sat Mars, Cupyd and Venus.
Cho rats a clerk wes clepit Marsus.
He tyl accusyng as of a dedly cyme.
And he begouth and red a dittay thus.
Chou wikkil catyue, wod and furtus
Presumptuusly now at this present tyme.
My lady here blasphemed in thy cyme.
Hir sonne, hir self, and hir court amouys
For till betrays awatit here sen pryme.

The Due-
toȝ accused

TNow God yow wate me thocht my fortune key
Myth qakand voce and hatt cald as a key.

D. 11.

On

The Palyng

On kneyns I knelyt and mercy culd implore
Submyttand me, but ony langer pley
Venus mandate and plesour itt obey.
Grace wes denyng and my trauel forlore.
For scho gaff chargis itt procede as before.
Than Venus spak ryght stoutly me till ney
Intonand whence tyll ask grace ony moze.

Answere. **C**he demandist myn answere quhat I sayd.
Than as I mochte with curage all mylmaid
Fra tymme I vndirstude na mare supple.
Hoze abaslyt, belue I thus out braid.
Set of thir pointis of cypnie now on me laid
I may me quyte gyftles in vertee.
Zit fyrt agane, the Juge quhilk here I se
This in ordenat court and proces quaid
I wyl obiect for causys twa or thre.

Appellat^{le} **C**lynnand law(quod I) with psetus face
I me defend, madame plesyt zour gracie
Say on(quod sche) than said I thus but mare
Madame ze may not syl in till this case.
For ladyis may be Jugis in na place.
And mare attout I am na seculare
A spirituall man(thoche I be void of lase)
Clypyn I am, aucht my lyuys space
To be tempt till my Juge ordinate.

CI zow bescik madame with bysse cure
Till gyf ane graciis interlocuture
On thir exceptionys now proponyt late.
Than sudbanly Venus(I zow assure)

Delueris

of Honour.

Helluerit sone and with a voce so sture
Answeryt thus, thow subtyple sny god wate
Nuhat wenys thou till degraid myne hie estate,
We till declyne as Juge, curst creature
It beth not so, the gaine gois oþer gate.

Wchew
wyns.

Cas we the synd thow shall choill Jugement
Not of a clerk we se the represene
Haue onely falsohed and dissairfull talys,
Fyrst quhen thow come with hart and hale entent
Thow the submyttit till my commaundement.
Now now thair of me thynk to sone thow salys
I weyn nathyng hot foly that the alys,
A clerkeis bene in subtyple wordis quent,
And in the deid als scharpe as ony snalys.

Cze bene the men bewraps my comandis:
ze bene the men distublys my seruandis:
ze bene the men with wikkys wordis sele:
Nuhiilk blasphemys fresh, lusty zong gallandis:
That in my seruice and retene new standis.
ze bene the men that clepps zow so lele.
With fals behest quhill ze pour purpose stele
Spyne ze forswere batch body, treuth and handis,
ze bene sa fals ze can no word consele.

CHaue doyn (quod sche) syr Waris als wytch,
Do wryt the sentence lat this catiue kyth,
Byf our power may demong his myfdeid.
Than god thow walt gyf that my sprete wes blyth,
The feuerus hew in till my face dyd myfth
All my male eys for swa the horribill dreid.

Ball

The Palys

Hasl me ouyerset, I mycht nocht say my cred,
For feir and wo within my skyn I writh
I mycht nocht pray for syth thocht I had ned;

Cxit of my dech I set not half a sle
For gret effere me thocht na pane to be.
Bot soze I dred me for sum othyr Iape
That Venus suld thow hit subtillyte
In cill sum bysnyng best transfigurit me.
As in a berte, a bair, a ne onle, a ne ape.
I traistit so for till hauue bene myllape
That oft I wald my hand behald to se
Gyf it alteryt, and oft my vissage grape;

CTho I ceuolust in my mynd anone,
Quhow that Diane transformyt Acteone.
And Juno cik as for a kow gert kepe.
The fare yo that lang wes wo begone.
Argos hit symmyt that eyn had mony one,
Quhom at the last Mercurius gert slepe.
And hit deluyerit of that danget depe
I remembret also quhom in a stone.
The wyfe of Lotb I changit soze did wepe.

CI bmbethocht quhow Ioue a ald Saturn
In cyll a wolf thay did Lycaon turn,
And quhow the mychty Nabugodonosore
In bestly forme did on the feild sudsourn.
And for his gilt wes maid to wepe and muere
Thir feirfull wondrys gart me dred ful soze,
For by exemplys oft I herd tofore.
He suld bewar that seys his fallow spurn

Myschans

Of Honour.

Oppschans of ane suld be ane otheris loze.

And rolland thus in divers fantasys,
Certibil thochtis oft my hert did grypis
For all remeid wes alterit in dispase.
There wes na hope of mercy till dewpis
There wes na wycht my stend be na kyn wypis.
Alhalely the court wes me contrare.
Than wes all malis wryttyn the sentence late
My febyll mynd seand this gret suprys
nes than of wit and eueryp blys full bare,

The seconde parte.

Soland;
Lotheris amyd this hard perlerite
Awaytand eū quhat moment I suld de,
Or than sum new transfiguration.
He quhilk that is eternall verite,
The glorioous lord ryngād in personis thre
Prouidit has for my saluation
We sum gude spretis revelation.
Quhilk intercion maid (I traist) for me
I forzett all Imaginacion.

¶ Ill hail my dired I tho forzett in hy,
And all my wo, bot hit I wylt not quhyp
Haue that I had sum hope till be releuyt
I casyt than my bissage hastely
And with a blenk anone I did espy
A lusty lycht quhilk nocte my hart engreuyt
Ane heuynly rour, out thow the wod escheuyt

¶

The Balys

Of quhame the bonty gyf I not deny
Wher may be in till ane scripture breuist.

Portis.

CWith lawrete crownyt in robbis syd all new,
Of a fassoun and all of sted fast hew,
Arrayit well, a court I saw cum nere.
Of wyse De gest eloquent fathers crew,
And plesand ladyis quhilkis fresh bewtie schew.
Syngand softly full swete on thair manere,
On poete wyse all diuers beclys sece
Histoyris gret in latyne young and gretw
Myth fresh endyt and soundis gude till here.

CAnd sum of thaym ad Lyram playit and sang
So plesand vers quhill all the rochys tang,
Metz, Saphis and also Elygee
That instrumentis all maist wet fydkys lang
Bot w a strig quhilk neupz a ne wretis zeld wrang
Sum had ane harpe, and sum a fair psaltrie,
On luttis sum thair accentis subtile,
Deupdyt weil and held mesure lang
In soundis swete of plesand melodye.

CThe ladyis sang in vocis dulcorate
Facund epithillis quhilkis quhilm Quid wrate
As Phillys quene send till duke Demophon,
And of Pennolepe the gret regrate
Send till hit lord sche dowtryng his estate
That he at Troy suld losyt be or tone.
Quhow Acontus till Cediopa anone
Wrate his complainit that hard I well god wate
With oþir lusty myssuis mony che,

I had

of honour.

CI had gret wondir of thatt layis sete
Quhilkeis in that arte myche have na way compere
Of castis quent rethorik colouris synne:
So poete lyk in subtile fair manere
And elloquent syrme Cadens regulere
Chair vapage furth contenand ryght as lyne,
With sang and play as sayd is so dynne
Thay fast approchynge to the place well nere
Quhare I wes torment in my gastly synne.

CInd as the heuynly sort now nomynate
Remouyt furth on gudly wyle the gate
To wert the court quhilke wes tofore expremit
My curage grew for quhat cause I not wate,
Haue that I held me payit of thayz estate
And thay wer folk of knawagis as it semit,
Als in til Venus court full fast thay demynt.
Sayand zone lusty roun wyll stop our mate
Till Justify thys bisning quhilke blasphemitt.

Czone is quod they the court rethoricall
Of polit termys sang poeticall
And constad ground of famus historyis sweete
Zone is the facund well celestiall
Zone is the fountayn and origynall
Quhare fra the well of hylcon dois flete.
Zone ar the folkis that comfortes every sprete
Be synne delyte and dyte angelicall
Causand groslede all of maist gudnes glete.

CZone is the court of plesand sted fastnes,
Zone is the court of constant ierwynnes,

C. i. Zone

The Palys

Zone is the court of Joyus disciplyne;
Quhilk causys folk that purpos till expres;
In oxnat wyse prouocand with gladnes,
All gentyll hattis to thare late inclyne.
Every famus poet men may deuyne
Is in zone roun. Lo zondir thair prynce
Chespis the moþhyz of musis nyne.

¶ And nixt hir syne hir douchter syrst byger,
Lady Cleo quhilk craftely dois set
The nyne muses. Histoiris ald, lyk as thay wer present.
Euterpe eik quhilk dayly dois hir det
In dulce blastis of pipis swete but let.
The thyrd syxit Thalia diligent
In wanton wryt and cronkillis doith impren
The ferd endityth oft with chekis web
Sate Cragedyis, Melphomyn the gent.

¶ At psychore the syxt with humyll Houn
Hakis on psaltreis modolattoun,
The sext erato, lyk thir luffirs mylde,
Will syng, play, dans, and leip baith hƿ and donne.
Polymnya, the leuynt muse of renoun.
Ditis thir swete rethorik cullouris mylde,
Quhil kis ar so ple sand baith to man and chylde.
Urania the aucht, and sistir schene
Wrytis the heuyn and steryng all bedene;

¶ The nynt quham till name oþir is compere
Caliope that lusty lady clere:
Of quham the bewtye and the worthynes
The beutyng gret, schyntis baith far and nere.

of honour.

For sche of nobill is fatis hes the stet
Till wþt thatt wþschþp, victory and prowes,
In kyngly style, quhilk dois thair fame erres,
Clepyt in latyne, Herotus but were
Cheif of al wþt lyk as scho is maistres.

Chîr musis upne lo ȝondre may ze se
With fresh Memphis of water and of see,
And Phanee, ladyis of thît templis ald
Pyerides, Dryades, Naturee,
Meriedes, Jones, Paper,
Of quham the bontys nedis not be tald.
Thus dempt the coute of Venus mony said,
Quhilk speche refreschyt my perplexite,
Reisand well my spreit afore wes cald.

The suddand sycht of that sygne court foresaide
Recomfort well my hew tofore wes said.
Byyd my brest the Joyus heit redoundyd,
Behaldand quhîw the lusty musys ralid.
And al thair court quhilk wes so blyth & glasd
Quhols mervynes all heurnes confoundyd,
Thair law I well in poetry ygroundyd
The gret Homere: quhilk in gretw langage said
Haist eloquently in quham all wþt abuondyd.

Homer.

There wes the gret latyn Virgillyus,
The famus fathir poet Ouidius.
Pitis, Datis, and eik the crew Lucane,
There wes Plautus, Rogius, Parcius,
There wes Terens, Donat, and Serutius,
Francys Petrarck, flakus, Valeriane,

Virgili &
other latin
poets.

C.ii

Thaci

The Palys

There wes Ysop, Caton, and Blane,
There wes Galterus, and Boetius,
There wes also the gret Muntillane.

There wes the satyr poete Iuinalde.
There wes the mixt and subtell Marcius.
Of Thebes Bruyt, there wes the poete Stace,
There wes Faustus, and Laurence of Male,
Pomponeus quhais fame of late sans fale
Is blawyn wyd thow every realme and place,
There wes the moralewyse poete Drace:
With mony other clerkes of gret auaple,
There wes Brunell, Claudius, and Boeace.

So gret a pres of pepill drew vs neare.
The hunder part there namys is not here
Siz that I saw of Brutus Albion
Gosfryd Chaucere, as a per se lance pete,
In his wulgate and mozell John Edwere.
Lydgat the monk easd musand him allone.
Of this natioun I knew also anone
Gret Kennedy, and Dunbar siz bn dede.
And Muyntyne with ane huttok on his hede.

Howbeit I couth declare and well endyte,
The bonties of that court dewlyz to myt
Wer ouir prolyxt transcedyng myne engyne,
Twychand the proces of my panefull syte,
Belue I saw thir lusty musys quhyte
With all thair ronte toward Venus declyne.
Muhare Cupydsat with hit in trone dysyne.
I standan bundyn in a sorp glyze,

Bydand

Chaucer
other eng.
in the and
Scotische
poets.

of honour.

Byddand thatt grace or than the dedly pyne.]

¶ Strauchet til the quene, samyn tht musis cald
Maist eloquently thare salutationys maid,
Venus agane zald thaym thatt salusyng
Ryght reuerently and on hit fete vppbraid
Wesekand thaym to lycht, nay nay, thay said.
We may as here make na langet farisynge,
Caltope maist facund and bening.
Inquyyt Venus what wight had hit mismisd,
Or wes the cause thatt of hit ludiourisynge,

¶ Hyster (sayd scho) behald that bysnyng schrew.
A subtile smye (considyr well his hew)
Standis thait bond and bykkyndit hit to me,
Zone cattue hes blasphemyt me of new,
For cyl degraide and do my fame adew
A laichly tyne dispitesfull subelle
Compelithes, rebels and lound on hit
Sclander, dispise, sorow and wallaway
To me my sonne and eske my court for ay.

Venus
complaint

¶ He hes deseruist deth, he salbe dede
And we remane forsuith in to this stede.
Till Justify that rebell renygate
(Quiod Caltope) sister aby all fede,
Quhy suld he de, quhy suld he leis his hede:
To sla him for a small a cypme god wate
(Greter degrading wer to zout estate,
All out than wes his scander or sich plede
Quhown may a fule zout hie renoun chak make?

Qubal

The Palyng

COnuhat of his lak zour fame so wypd is blaſmē;
zour excellēns maist peſtles is so knaw
Ra wrichtis word may deuate zour hie name
Byf me hys lyfe and modeſt the law.
For on my hed he standis now ſic aw,
That he ſali oſt diſſetue neutr mare blaſme
Not of his dede ze may report but ſchaine
In recompence of this myſtētand law
He ſall zour hest in euery pacc proclaimē;

CThan lord quhōw glad becam my ſebſl god
My curage grew the quhilk aſore wes loſt
Seand I had ſo gret ane aduocate.
That expertly but prayer, pyczce or cost
Opteynyt had my frewel accion all moſt
Quhilk wes aſore perif and deſolate.
This quhyll Venus ſtude in ane ſtudy ſtacē
Bot fyndally ſco ſchew till all the oſt
Who wald do grace and be not obſtrinate.

CI wyll (ſayd ſche) haue mercy and ppete
Do ſlake my wzech and lat all rancour be.
Merer be cumys all men & ſpeſt ly gentyls wemen
Quhate is mare vice than till be ouir ctuel,
And ſpecially in wemen ſic as me.
A lady (ky) that vſis tiranne
No wooman is, rather a ſerpent fell.
A vennamus dragon or a deuill of hell
Is na compare to the inequyte
Of bald wemen as thiſ wyſe clerkis tell.

CGret god diſſend I ſuld be ane of tho
Quhilk of thare ſede and malþe neutr ho;

Dud

of honour.

Out on sic gram I wyll serue na repete
Caliope sister said til Venus tho,
At zour request this wzeche shall frely go,
Heir I tempt his trespass, and all gret
Halbe forzet, swa he wil sa sum bret,
Dy schort ballat in contrare pane and wo
Tuychand my layd and his plesand releis.

CAnd secundly the nixt resonabil command
Duhilk I him charge se that he not ganestad
On this conditions sister at zour request
He shall go fre, quod Caliope inclynand
Grant mercy sister I oblyg be my hand
He shall obserue in al pointis zour behesit
Than Venus bad do slake sone my arrest
Belyue I wes releschit of every band,
Upbris the court and all the perlour cert.

CTho sat I down lawly upon my kne
At command of prudent Caliope.
Zeilband Venus thankis a thousand sith,
For sa hie freudschip and mercyfull pite
Excelland grace and greet humanyte
The quhilks is to me etespasour did scho kyth,
I the forȝeue (quod sche than wes I blyth,
Doun on a stok I set me suddanlye
At hit command and wrate this lay als swyth,

CUnwemmyt wit, deluerit of dangeat,
Maist happily preseruit fra the snare,
Releschit free of seruyce and bondage,
Expell dolour, expell displesare,

a ballat for
venus ple
soule,

Swyrd

The Palys

Quiyld displesour, wementyng, and care.
Kessaue plesans and do thy sozowe swage.
Behald thy glaide fresche lusty grene cutage
Reis amp'd thir louers lat and ait
Prouyde a place till plant thy tendit age,
Quhate thou in toy and plesour may repaire.

CQuha is in welth, quha is well fortunat?
Quha is in peace, dissouerit from debbat?
Quha leuys in hop, quha leuys in esperance?
Quha standis in grace, quha standis in ferme estat?
Quha is content reislyt ait and lat?
Or quha is he, that fortune doith auance?
Bot thow that is replenyst with plesance,
Thow hes comfort, all weifare diligent,
Thow hes gladnes, thow hes the happy chance,
Thow hes thy wyll, now be not dissolat.

CIncreis in myrh full consolationoun
In Joyus swete Ymaginatioun,
Habond in lust of purifit amouris
With diligent crew deliberatioun
Rendis louyngis for thy salutatioun
Till Venus and ondit hit gard all houris
Rest at all ease buts ait or lytful schouris.
Abide in quyet maist constant wellk ire.
Be glaide and lycht now in thy lusty flouris
Unwemmyt wyt delyuerit of dangare.

CThis lay wes red in oppyn audience
Of the musis, and in Venus presence
I stand content thow art obedient

Quod

OF HONOUR.

(Quod Callope my campion and defence)

Venus sayd eth it wes sum recompence

For my trespass I wes so penytent.

And with that word all sodanly sche went

In instant scho and her court wes hence

bit still abayd hit musis on the bent.

CInclynard than (I said) Callope

My protector, my help, and my supple,

My souerane lady, my redempcion.

My mediatour, quhen I wes dampnyt to be

I fall besek the godly mateste

In syngt thankis, laud, and benysoun;

30w till acquypte accordyng your renoun

It langyth not my possibillite

Till recompence ten part of this gwardoun.

CGlory, honour, laude and renunce condyng

Quha may for seid 30w of so hie a thyng,

And in that part 30ur mercy I implore.

Submyt and me my lyfeyme induyng

30ut plesour and mandate till obeylyng

Silence (said scho) I haue eneuch heirefore.

I will thou passe and bly wondrys more.

Than scho me hes betaucht in kepyng

Of a swete Nymphe maist faychfull and decoze;

Thanks
spouse.

CAlne hors I gat maist rychely besene

Wes harnyst all with wodbynd leuis grene

On the same lute the trappuris lawdoun han

Dut hym I straide at command of the quene,

Tho sammyn furth we rydyn g all bedene,

f.t.

glas

The Balys

Als swyke as thocht with mony a mery sang
My Nymph always conuoyt me of thang
Imyd the musys till se quhat thay wald mene
Quhilkis sang and playt bot hevit a wret heid whang.

The aunc
tours
wyage.

CThow cuntris seit, holtis and rochys hic.
Quir balys, planys, woddis, wally se
Quir fluidis fare and mony strate montane
We wet cariyt in swynkling of ane C.
Our horessis law and rassd nocht as thocht me
Now out of France ertyst in Tuskan,
Now out of flandris heich by in Imane,
Now in till Egypt, now in Etalte,
Now in the realme of Trace, and now in Spane.

RThe montayns we passyt of all Garmanie,
Quir Appenynus deuydand Yealte
Quir Ryne, the Dow, and Tiber fluidis fare,
Quir Alpheus by Pyes the ryche citie,
Undir the erth that entres in the see
Quir ton, ourl sane, ourl France and eis ourl lare,
And quir Tagus the goldin sandyt ryuare
In Thessaly we passyt the mont Oethe
And Hercules in sepulture fand thare.

CThere went we out the ryuer Beneyns
In Sicil erk we passyt the mont Etnolus
Plenyd with saphron, huny, and with wyne,
The twa toppt famus Herasus,
In trais we went out our the mont Emus,
Quhare Orphus leit his arimony maist syne,
Quir Catmelus quhare twa prophitis deuyne
Remanyt

of Honour.

Membrayt Helpas and Helcens
Fra quhom the ordur of Carmelitis come spic.

¶ And next bntill the land of Amyson
In hast we past the flude Cermodyon.
And out the huge hill that hecht Mynas
We raijd the hill of Bachus Acheton,
And Olympus the mont of Massidon,
Whilks semys hetch vp in the heuyn to pas
In that countre we raijd the flude Melas,
Whilks watter makith quhite schelp blak anon
In Europe erk, we raijd the flud Thanas.

¶ We raijd the swyft reuere Sparthades
The flud of Hurte Achtorontes.
The hill so full of wellis clepit Yda,
Iemany hills and flude Euprates
Ye flud of Nyle, the pretius flude Ganges
The hyl of Decyle, ay bymard Ethna,
And out the mont of Frygy. Dindama
Hallowit in honour of the modis goddes,
Cauld Cacasus we passit in Sythia.

¶ We passit the fludis of Tygris and Phison
Of Trace the riueris, Hebrun and Ottymon
The mont of Modyn and the flud Jordane,
The facund well and hill of Elicon,
The mont Eris, the well of Acheton
Baith dedicat to Venus en certane,
We past the hill and desert of Lybane
Our mont Cinthus quhate god Appollo schone
Straught to the mulis Caballyne fontane,

¶

Wesyde

The Palys

Welyde that cristall stand swete and degest
Them till reposethayz hors refresch and rest.
Slycht it down thir musis clere of hew
The cumpany all halely rest and best.
Thrang to the well tyl drink, quhilke ran south west,
Throw out a incyd, quhare alkyn flouris grew,
Amang the lyps, ful fast I did persew
Tyll dynk, bot sa the gret pres me opprest
That of the wattis I myght never cast a dreyw.

COur hors pastureth in a plesand plane,
Law at the fute of a fane grene mountane
Awyd a meid schadowed with ceder treys,
Hauesta al heit, thare mychil we weyl remane
All kynd of herbis, flouris, frute and grane
With every growland tre thair men mycht cheis
The byz tiall stempys ryannand ouyz stemyng greis,
Maid sobit hors the schaw dynnyt agane
For byzdyng sang and soundyng of the beis.

CThe ladyis fare on bluetis instrumentis
Went playand, syngand, dansand, outt the heytis
Ful angelyk and heuynly wes thair soun,
Quhat amyd his hart imprentis,
The fresche beuty, the guidly representis,
The merly spech, fane hauinges, hys reueun
Efthaym wald set a wyseman halse in swoun,
Thare womanlynes withy the clementis,
Stonyt the heuyn and all the eth adoun.

CThe world may not copydyg nor discryue
The heuynly top, the hys I saw belyue

of honour.

So inessabill abone my wyt so hie,
I wyll na mare chalton my forhed ryue;
But bresly furth my sebill proces dyue,
Law in the mesd a palzedon pycht I se
Maist gudlyest, and rychest that myght be
My governour ofter than tyme's fyue
Untill that halde to pas commandit me.

Two synally stryche to that rial steld
In fawowschyp with my ledet I seid.
We entryt sone the portar wes not thra,
Thare wes na stoppyng, lang demand, nor pleid
I knelyt law and onheldit my heid.
And tho I saw out mustis two and two
Sittand on deace famylliaris to and fra,
Saruand thaym fast with Epoches and mesd
Dilligate meatis, dayhteis sere als wa,

The gate

• Brete wes the preis the feist ryall to sene
At easchay eit with interludyis betwene,
Gauе problemys sene, and mony fare demandis,
Inquirand quha best in thair tyme had benn,
Quha traitr louers in lusty zetis grene,
Sum said this way, and sum thairto gaſtandis
Than Cauope, Thair till anuere comandant a
My clerk (quod scho) of reſe
Declare quha wer maſt woſchyp of thair handis.

Cuſtch Lawere Crowsyn at hir comandement
Up stude this poet degeſt and eloquent,
And scheƿ the feris of Hercules the strang.
Quhō he the gryſly hells houndis outtent;

Malors
hugoris

Slew

The Pals

He to Lypus, monstres, and mony fell serpent,
And to deth fel myghty giantis dang.
Of Chesus erk he tald the weris lang
A gane the quene Ypollita the swete,
And quhoo he slew the Monstaure in Crete,

¶ Of Persus he tald the knyghtly dedis.
¶ Uhilk vincysyt (as men in Ouid redis)
¶ Crewell tyrantis, and monsturis mony one
¶ Of Dianis boore in Calydon the dredis,
¶ Quhoo thow a lad ys [shot his sydis bledis],
¶ The bretheris deith and syne the systaris mone,
¶ He sche wu quhoo kyng Pyramus sonne Ysacon
¶ Efter his dede body and all his wedis
¶ In till a skarth transformyt wic anon.

¶ He sche wu at trop quhat wyis the grekis landis
¶ Quhoo fers Achilles stranglyt wuth his handis
¶ The valyeant Cignus, Neptunus sonne mattis dere,
¶ Uhilk at grekis aryuale on the strandis
¶ A thousand new that day apon the landis
¶ Faucht with achill and blonkit al his spere,
¶ Na wapyn wes that mische him wond nor dere,
¶ Uhill Iachelles bryst of his helm the bandis
¶ And wyrpyt hym beforis for all his fete.

¶ He sche wu full mony transmutationis,
¶ And wondryfull new figuracionis.
¶ Be hondis mo than I haue here exempt,
¶ He tald of loups meditacionis,
¶ The craft of loue, and the saluationis.
¶ Quhoo that the fute lustis suld be stempt,

¶ Dr

of honour.

Of divers other materis als he dempt,
And be his prudent scharpe relationys
He wes expert in al thyng as it sempt

CUp ratis the gret Virgillus alone
And playd the sportis of Daphnis & Cozidon.
Syn Therens come and playit the commedy
Of Parmeno, Thrason, and wylle Enaton,
Juynale lik a mowet hym allone
Stud skornand euery man as thay zeld by
Marcyall was cupk, till cost, scith, fars or fry,
And Pogryus stude with mony gynn and grone
On Laurence Walla spytand and cypand sy.

Wentis;

CWith myrthys thus and meatis diligate
This lady is, lefft accordingh thair estate
Up ratis at last commandand till traoynt.
Retret wes blawyn lowd, and than god wate
Men mycht hauesene swyft horssys halden hate,
Schynand for swete, as thay had bene anoynt,
Of all that rour wes neuert a pyk disloynt,
For all our tary, and I furth with my mate
Montyt on horss raitd sammyn in gude poyn.

COut many gudly plane we raitd bedene,
The hall of Ebron, the campe Damastene.
Throw Josaphat and throw the lusty hall
Out warres wan thozow worti woddis grene
And swa at last in lytyng vp our eyne
We se the synall end of our traueil
Amyd a ne plane a plesand roch till wall
And euery wrycht sta we that sychis had sene,
Thankand.

The Palyſ

Thankand gret god thare hedis law deuall.

Conſit ſyngvng, lauchyng, merines and play.
On till that coch we rydynge furth the way.
Now mare till wile, for ſere trpmlyg my pen,
The hart may not thynk, nor manis young ſay,
The Cyz not here, nor yet the Eſe may,
It may not be pmaugned with men
The heuynly blys, the perſyte ſay to ker.
Duhilk now I ſaw the hundreth part all day
I miſcht not ſchaw thocht I had tonges ten.

CThocht al my membrys longis were on law
I wer not abill the thouſand ſald to ſchaw.
Duhair fare I ſere oche forthimare to wryte,
For quhiddit I this inſaule or body ſaw
That wail I not, bot he that all duth knaw
The greet god wail in every thynge perſyt.
Eik gyf I wald this auyſſyon endyte
I anglaſis ſuld it vabys, and ſtand nane a w
Cry out on dreimes quhilkis ar not worth a myte,

CSen thys till me all verte be kend
I reput bettir thus till mak ane end
Than oche till ſay that ſuld herats engreue
On othir syd (thocht thay me vilepend)
I conſiddir prudent folk will comand
The verte, and ſic tanglyng capreue.
With quhaiſ correction, ſupport, and celeue
Furth till proceid this prores I pretend
Traſtand in god my purpoſe till elcheue.

Duhowbeit

of honouer.

Cuholo beth I may not every circumstaunce
Reduce perlytly in rememorance.
Sdyn ignorance sit sum pace sal deuse
Cwpychand this lyche of hewynig swete plesance,
Now empty pen, wryt furth thy lusty chance.
Schaw wondrys fele (suppose thou be not wryse)
Be diligent, and typely the ause.
Be swyke, and scharpe, boydit of variance,
Be suete, and cause not Jencill hattis gryse;

C The thyrd parte.


Cmisys nyne be in myne admutoryp
Pat maid me se yis blys & percyte glorijs
Teche me zour facund castis eloquent
Len me a recent scharp fresh memory
And caus me dewly tyl endyt yis strogy
Sum grattis swetnes in my brest imprent
Tyl make the heratis bousum, and acent.
Redand my wryt illumynyt with zour loze
Insynyt thanks tendlanzd zow thairfore.

Imme
ken.

CNow bretely to my purpose soz tyl gone
About the hyll law wais mony one.
And to the hychte bot a passage in graue
Hewyn in the roch of syde hard merbrill stome
Aganne the sonne lyk as the glas it schone,
Ascens we shie, and strait for tyl consane
sit than thir musis, qudly and suauie
Atlychyt down, and clam the roch in hy
With all the route outane my Myrphe and I.

G. I.

Syllat

The Pals

Cstyl at the hillys fate we twa abaid,
Than suddandly my keper to me said,
Ascend galand tho for ferre I quuke
Be not esrapit (scho said) be not mismaid
And with that word vp the strait rod abraid.
I followit fast scho he the hand me take
It durst I nevir for dreed behynde me luke
With mekill pane thus cl'm we nere the hyche.
Duhare suddandly I saw aile gruly syche,

Cus we approacht nere the hillys heid
A terrible swch, brenand in flawmyr reid
Abhominable and hol as heill to se.
All full of byntstane pyk and bulnyng leid
Whate mony wrechit creatour lay ded.
And miserable calwyng zeland loude one hie
I saw, quhilk dea mycht wele comparit be.
Till Fancus the fluid of trop so schill
Byznard at henus hest contrar Achill.

Camyd our passage lay this wgly stche
Not brayd but so horribl till euicy wiche
That all the wrold to pas it suld haue dreed
Wele I considerit nene vpparmar I myche,
And to discend ra hidous wes the hiche
I durst not auentur for this erth on breed.
Crymland I Sud with teith chattered gud sped.
My nymph beheld my cheir, and said lat se
Thow sal not aill, and to the caus quod sche;

CTo me thow art commyt I sal the keep.
Thir picturis peiss amyd theis laithly desp

of Honour.

That wzechis, quhilke is in lusty þeris fate
þretendit maym till hie hononr to creip,
But suddandly thay fell on fluehfull sletip.
Followand plesance, drupt in this loth of cafr,
And with that word, sche hynt me by the haire,
Carpit me to the hillis bede anone
As þbacuk wes brochte in Babylone.

þerr pcc,
þis þang
G.

As we bene on the hie hill sittuate
Luke doun (quod scho) consaue in quhat estat
Thy wzechyt wrold, thow may considre now,
At hit command with mekill dreid god wate,
Dat oure the hill sa hidous, hie, and strate
I blent adoun and feld my body graw;
This brukkill erth sa steyl to allow,
We thocht I saw byrn in a fyry cage
Of stormy see, quhilke mycht na maner swage.

That terribill tempelt, hidous wallys huge
Wer maist gryly foȝ till behalde of Juge:
Quhate nothys rest, nor quyer mycht appere,
That wes a peccatis palyce, folk to luge.
That wes na help, support, nor ȝet refuge,
Innowmetabill folk I saw flottand in fete,
Quhilke peryst on the weltrand wallys were,
And secondly, I saw a lusty barge
Outset with seyes, and mony stormy charge.

This gudly caruel tasklyt traist on raw
With blanschyt sail mrlk quhyre as ony snaw,
Ryght souer tycht, and wondre strangly bellopt
Wes on the boldyn wallys quyte ouerthraw,

G.ii.

Contrarially

The Pals

Contractly the bustus wynd did blow.
In bubbys thik, that na schip sail mycht weld it.
Now sank scho law, now hie tyl hewyn vpheldys
At every part the see and wyndis djaue
Muhil on a sand the schip to bryst and clauie.

CIt wes a pietus thyng (allake allake)
Till here the duylfull cry quhen that scho strake
Mallt lamentabill the peryst folk till se,
Ha famylt, drokylt, matt, for wrocht, and wake,
Hun on a plank of fire, and hun of ake.
Hun hang apon takil, hun on a tre,
Hun sta thair gryp sone weschyne with the se,
Part dynt, and part to the rolke flet oꝝ swam,
On rapis oꝝ hundis synge vp the hill thay clam.

Faythles
pepills

CTho at my synphe bresly I did in quere,
Mwhat sygnyfyt tha seirfull wondris sere
zone multitude (said scho) of pepill dynt
It saythles folk, quylkis quylle thay ar here
My skawys god and followys thare plesere,
Mwhatfore thay fall in endles syre be bryne,
zone lusty schip thow seyst peryst and syn
In quame zone pepill maid ane patulus race
Scho heyght the caruell of the state of grace,

Cze bene all borne the sonnys of Ite I ges,
Myne thow baptyme gettis grace and faythfulnes,
Than in zone caruell supylly ze remane,
Dit stormstad with this watlors brukylnes,
Muhill that ze fall in synne and wachistnes
Than schipbzbryn fall ze drown in endles pane.

260

of honour.

Except bye sayth ze synd the plant agane?
We chyfþ working gud workys I understand,
Remane chait with this fall you byng to land.

Chise may suffice (said scho) twychand this pate,
Returne thy hede behald this oþer att,
Considir wondris and be bigyllant,
That thow may bette endyng estirwate
Thyngis quhilkis I saill the schaw or we deparre,
Thow shall haue fouch of sentence and not skant
There is no welch nor welsace thow shall want
The greet palyce of honour salt thou se
List vp thy hed behald that sicht (quod sche),

Cat his command I casit hie on hyche
My bissage till behald that heuennylycght
Bot, tyl d iscryue this matter in effek
Impossibill wer till ony erdly wiche
It transcedes sa far abone my miche
That I with ynk may do bot paper blek,
I man draw fure, the zok lyis in my nek,
As of the place to say my lewd auyse
Plenyf with plesance lyke to parradyce.

CI saw a plane of peices pulcitude
Whare in abondyt every thyngis gude;
Spypce, wyne, corn, ble, tre, frute, flour, herbis grene,
All foulys, bestis, byrdys, and alkynde fude,
All maner hyschis bayth of see and flude
Wer kept in pondis of polist siluer schene
With purisfyit waltir as of the cristall clene,
All now the small the grete bestis had na will,

The Pals

For rauanus to wyls the littill bolatul.

Cstyull in the season all thyng tenyant thare
Perpetually but oþer nay or fate,
Wy cypyt were, bayth herbys, fruce, and flouris,
Of euery thyng the namys till declare
The des-
cription of
the palace. Until my febill wyls impossibill wate,
Wmyd the med replete of swete odouris
A palyce stude with mony tall touris,
Whare kernellys quent fell turrettis men mycht fynd
End goldyn fanys wauand with the wþnd.

Cynnakillis, syellis tournpikes mony one,
Gylt byznyx tooris, quhilk lyk til phebus schone,
Skarlement, repylse, corbell and battelyngis,
Fulzety, borduris of mony pretius stone,
Huttyl muldry wrocht mony day agone
On Buttres, Faluns, pillere is, and plesand spryngis,
Quyke ymagry with mony lusty syngis
Thare mycht be sene, and mony wrochty wþchtis,
Tofore the zet attayit all at tþchtis.

Cfurth past my Nymphe I followyt subsequent.
Straucht thow the plane to the first ward we wene
Of the palyce, and entryt at that poþe
Thare saw we mony statelic toament
Lancis brokyn, knychtis layd on the bane,
Plesand pastance, and mony lusty sport
Thair saw we alz, and sum tyme battell moþe,
Alliher (quod scho)on Venus seruice wakis
In dedis of armys for thayz ladyis sakeis

Wylland

of Honour.

¶ Wistand I stude the principal place but were
That heuynly balyce all of crystall clere
Wrochte as me thocht of polyst berall stone.
Bosillall noz Dilab but were
Quhilk sancta sanctorum, maid matil ryche and dere
Noz he that wrochte the templi of Salomon,
Noz he that beild the riall Lyon,
Noz he that forȝete Dartus sepulture
Couth not perfore me sa crastely a cure.

¶ Studiand here on my Amphe on to me spak,
Thus in state quhy standis thou stupelak,
Sowand all day and na thyng hes blyte.
Tholwart prouix, in hast recouern thy bat
Go after me, and gud attendence tak.
Quhate thow seyst, luke estirwacis thow wiste,
Thow soll behaid all Venus blys perlyte.
That with sche till ane garth did me coniop
Quhate that I saw eneuche of perlyte. Iop.

¶ Amyd a trone with stonyng ryche ouerstet
And claieth of gold lady Venus wes set.
By hit, hit sonne Cupid, quhilk nacning seys
Quhate Mars entis na knawlege mycht I get.
Bot straucht afore Venus bissage but let
Twelf amarant stagis stude, twelf grene preciis gretis,
Quhate on thare grew, thare curius goldyn trees,
Sustentand well the goddis face atorne;
A fair myrtour be thaym quently vpborn.

Venus
our.

¶ Quhate of st makst wes, I haue na fell,
Of berall, cristall, glas, or byznyst stell.

¶

The Pallys

Of Diamant or of the Catbunkill I am.
What thing it wes diffyne may I not tell.
Bot all the bordure circulare every deill
Wes place of gold, cais stok and bthir hem
With vertuous stans pitchē þ blud wald stem.
For quha that wound wes in the tornament
Nor hale fra he ap on the myzroure blent.

This stall tillik so ryche and radis
Sa pollyt, plesand, purifysyd preciis.
What bonyis half to wryt I not presume,
Chairon tyll se wes sa deliciis
And sa excelland schadous gratius
Surmontyng far in brichnes to my dome
The costly subtil quent spectacle of Rome
Or yet the myzroure send to Canyce
What in men misht ful many wondrys se.

In that myzroure I mycht se at a syght
The dedes and fetes of every crdly wryche,
All thinges go ne lyk as they wer preuent,
All the creation of the angelys brycht,
Of Lucifer the fall for all his mycht,
Adam fyrt maid, and in the erth ysent.
And Noys flude chair saw I subsequent
Babylon besid that tour of sic renoun,
Of Sodomus the fete subuersyoun.

Abrahā, Isak, Jacob, Josop̄h, I saw,
Hornyt Moyses, with his ald ēbrewn law,
Twelv plagis in Egypt sent for casc trespass,
In the cold see with al hiss court oncam

Kyng

of Honour.

Kyng Tharo dyngt that god wald nevur know,
I saw quhat wyle the see denydylt was,
And all the Chre wes dry fyt outt it pas,
Spyn in desert I saw thaym fourty zeys,
Of Josup I saw the worthy weris.

Wang's
catalogue
of nobyl
men and
women
both of
scriptur &
gentyll
nones.

CIn Judicum the batellis stang anone,
I saw of Jepyc and of Gedone
Of Ameloth the cruel homysd,
The wonderful werkis of douchty duke Sampsone
Whilk flew a thousand with ane wyls bone
Rent templs down, and zeys in hys pypde
Of quhais stenth merualys this wazd so wyde,
I saw duke Sangoz there with many a knok
Sax hundrech men flew with a plewchis lok.

CThe prophet Samuell saw I in that glag
Anoynt kyng Saule quhais sonne Jonachas
I saw wyncus ane greet ost hym allane,
Sang David fra the gryslip Golpas,
Whatis speiched, wecht thre hundreht vncis was
Jesbedonab the giant mekill of mane
Lay be the handis of douchty Dawyd flane,
With syngis far on acht hand but weir,
Dawyd I saw fla baith Lyon and heir.

CThis dawyd erk at ane onset astond
Sucht hundrech men I saw hym bryng to ground,
With hym I saw Banangas the stang
Whilk twa lyons of Moab did confond,
And gave the stalwart Chtop dedis wond
With his awyn spere, that of his hand he thang.

H.4

Onabasly

The Pals

One by sylyp this champion saw I gang
In a deip sisten and thare a iyon newch
Onhilk in a storne of snow did harm enewch;

Salomon Of Salomon the wysdom and estate
Thare saw I and his cythe tempill god wate
His sonne Roboā quhilke thow his help pride
Cynt all his ligis hartis be his fate
He wes to thaym sa outragius iugrate
Of ewelc erdis ten did fra hym deuyl
I saw the angel sia be nyctis tyd
Four store thousandis of synnachoribis on
quhilke come to weit on Iowry with gre bes.

CI saw the lyfe of the kyng Chasch
Drolongit. x. b. xere, and the prophet Dely
Amyd a syryp chare to paradise went,
The stories of Elias and of Neamp
And Daniell in the lypons caue saw I.
For he the dragon new bell brak and schent.
The chyldit ther amyd the fornace sent,
I saw the transmygracion in Babilon,
And bath the bukis of patalipomenon.

CI saw the haly archangell Raphell.
Mary, Mata, the docheer of Raguell
On Chobyas for his iust fatheris sake
And bynd the crewell deuyll that wes sa fel
quhilke new hit lewis first husbādis (as thā tel)
And quhōw Judyts Dylsartus heid of strake
Be nyctis tyd, and fred hit towm fra brake
Jonas in the quhalys boame dais thre,
And schot furth syne I saw at Antue. **¶**

The Palyng

¶ Of Job I saw the patyence maist degest,
Of Alexander I saw the gret conquest.
¶ Uhilke in t weli zetig wan nere the wold on bresd,
And of Anthiacus the gret onrest.
¶ Uehow tyrand lyk all Iowyme he opprest
¶ Of Macabeus full mony knychele deid,
That gat all Grece and Egypt stand in dred,
In quynt brech his realm thow his prowes,
I saw his brethir Symon, and Jonachas.

¶ Uhilkeis wer maist worthy quhill that dayis tang
¶ Of Tebes erk I saw the werls lang.
¶ Uehare Thedens allone snew fysly knycheles.
¶ Uehow synaly of Grece the campponyg stang
All hail the floure of knycheleid in that thang
¶ Uies distroyit quhill Chesus with his mychtis,
The toun and Creon wan for all his mychtis.
Thace saw Iquhow (as Tacius doth tell)
Amphioxas the Bisshop sank to hel.

¶ The faithfull ladyis of Grece I mycht considde
In clathis blak all bartute pas to gyddre
¶ Till Thebes sege fra thair lordis wer slane,
Behald ze men that callys ladyis hiddre,
And lycht of latis quhat kyndnes broche thaym thiddre.
¶ Quhat treuch and luff did in thair brestis remane,
¶ It crast ze fall red in na wryt agane
In a realme sa mony of sic constance,
Perswe thairby wemen ac til auance.

Fayrfol
e condesc
wemen.

¶ Of duke Pyrotheus the spousage in that tyd
¶ Uehare the Centauris rest away the bryd

¶ ¶ Pyre
¶ ¶ Centauris

The Parys

There saw I and thair battell huge till se,
And Hercules quhais renoun walkis wyd
For Cxiona law by Tropis syd
Fecht and outcome a monstre of the se.
For quhilk(quhen his reward denyit wes) he
Haid the first sege and the destruction
Of mychty Troy, quhylum the rial town.

Co wyne the fleys of gold tho saw I sent
Of Grece the nobillis with Jason consequent,
Hail that conquest and all Medeas synchis.
Quhown for Jason Ysiphile wes schent.
And quhown to Troy as they to Colchos went
Grekes tholte of kyng Lamedo gret onychis.
Quhatrefoir troy distroyt wes be thair mychty
Cxiona rauyst, and Lamedon slane,
Bot Pyramus testoyt the town agane.

Che Jugement of Parys saw I syne
That gaue the appill(as poetis can diffyne)
Till Venus as goddes maist guidlye.
And quhown in Grece he reuest quene Helyne,
Quhatrefoir the Grekes with thair gret nauyn
Full mony thosand knyghtis hastly,
Thaym till reuenge salve toward Troy in by.
I saw quhown be Wilres with gret Joy
Quhat wyse Achil wes fond and hrochte to trop

Che crewel battellis, and the dyntis strang
The gret debate, and eis the weris lang
At Troy sege, the myrtour to me schew,
Sustenit ten yeiris, Grekes Tropis amang.
And.

of honour.

And acht party set ful oft in thrang.
Duhare that Hector did douchty dedis enew
Duhar's fearts achtly baith hym & Troplus fled
The gret hors maid I saw, and Troy syn syn
And fair Uton al in flambys byne

Cyne out of Troy I saw the fuglyups
Duhar that Eneas as Virgill well discrutes,
In countries seit wes by the sets rage
Betwauyt oft, and quhaw that he arcyups,
With all his stote but danger of theyz lyups.
And quhaw thay were refet baith man & page
Be quene Dido remanand in Cartage.
And quhaw Eneas syn (as that thep tell)
Went soz to seik his fater doun in hell.

Cout Sir the flude, I saw Eneas farr,
Duhar Carone wes the bustuuus ferpait.
The fludis four of hell thair mycht I se.
The folk in paine, the wayis circulair
The weltrand stone with Sisipho mych cate,
And all the plesance of the Camp Elysee,
Duhar ald anchyses did common with Enee,
And schew be lyne all his successyon.
This ilk Eneas matt famus of renoun.

CI saw to goddis make the sacrifice.
Duhar of the ordout and maner to deuys
Met our prolet, and quhaw Eneas syn
Went to the schyp, and ilk I saw quhat wyle
All his nauy gret hunger did supprese,
Duhaw he in Italie synallie with huge pyne,
Actiuyt

of Honour.

Arraist at the strandis of Laayne
And quhō he fauche weil baith on land and seys,
And Tarnus slew the kyng of Rutuleis.

Rome saw I besidit fyfth be Romulus:
And ilk quhō lang (as wyrteis Lentus)
The Romane kyngis abone the peffil rang;
And how the swicheit proud Terquintus
Chart. L. 2. canticus
With wiffe and barnis be Brutus Junius
Wer exilte Rome for thair insuffisant wāg
Bot al the proces for to schaw wer lang
Quhō chalst Luces the gudliest and best
Be Sertus Terquine wes cruelly opprest.

C The punk batalis in that mirrour cleir
At wene Cattage and Romantis in my zeir
I saw becaus Eneas pietuus
Fled fra Dido, be admonitionis seir
At wene thair peffil rats ane langsum weir
The con-
stance of
Marcus
Curius.
I saw quhō worthy Maccus Regulus
Wasst valiant, prudent and victorius
(Howbeit he mische at liberty gone fer,
For common profyt chesyt for till de.

C Tullus seruilius dowchty in his daw
And Mutincus ilk in the myreoure I saw.
Muhiis thow his stowenes in fyfth gap
For comō profyt of come him self did thraw.
Kyght on abasly, hauand na dreid nor aw,
Monte on hors on armys that cin lap,
And Hannibal I saw by fatell hap
Upon contrare Romantis mony fair victory

Dubit

of honour.

Huyl Scipio eclypſt all hys glori.

This worthy Scipio clepſt Africane
I ſaw vincus thys Hannibal in plane,
And Cartage bryng bntyll fynall tewyn.
And to Rome conqueſt all the Realme of Spaine,
Whow kyng Jugurtha bes his brethir flane,
There ſaw I ete, and of hys were the fyne,
Reht well I ſaw the batellis intayne
Of Catulyna and of Lentulus
And atwne Pompey and Cesar Julius.

And breſily every famus douchty deid
That men in ſtory may ſe, or cornakyll reid,
I myche behald, in that myzour expres
The miſerte, the etewelte, the dreid,
Paine, ſoz oþ, wo, baith wretchednes and neid,
The gret enuy, couatus, doþbilnes,
Wyþchand warldly onfaithful brukkylnes,
I ſaw the ſend fast folk to viciſtis,
And al the cumming of the Anteſtis.

The ſand debaſtmentis quha ſa ryght reþotis
There mycht be ſene, and al maner diſpoþys.
The falconis for the reuere at thait gate
Myewand the fowlys in petitulo mortis
Layand thaym in be companeis and ſoſtis.
And at the plunge part ſaw I handlyt hate
The wery hunte bysly ap, and late
Wyþchand queſtyng hundis ſyþchand to and fra
To hunte the hart, the bare, the da, the ca.

Ch

The Palyng

Mergramans
lys
¶ The Pigramansy thair saw ilk anone
Of bonitas, bongo, and frere Bacon,
With mony subtell poynt of Juglory,
Of flandris pepys maid mony prectus stome!
I greet lade ladi of a lychyng bone.
Of a frut mog, chap mayd a monk in by,
A parys kick of a small pennyp py.
And bonytas of a musill made ane ape
With mony oþer subtell mow and Jape.

Cand scho ȝtly tll declare the veryte
All plesand pastance and gemys that misht be
In that my tour wet present to my sycht
And as I wondryp on that grete ferlye
Wenus at last in turning of his C.
Knew well my face, and said by goddis mischi
se bene welcum my presonet to this bycht.
quhown passit thou (quod scho) þ hiddius deper
Madame (quod I) I not more than a schepe.

Wha fors that of (said scho) sen tho wo art here
Muhow plesys the our pastance and effere?
Claidly (quod I) madame be god of heuyn
Remembrys thow (said scho) withouten were
On thy promyt quhen of thy gret dangere
I the deliuert as now is not to newyn.
Than answerit I agane with sober steyn.
Madame zour precept (quhae so be zour wyll)
Here I remane ay teddy till fulfull.

Cadell well (said scho) thy wyll is suffycyent
Of thy bousoun answere I stand content.

Yan

The Palys

Than suddably in hand a buke scha hynt
The quhilke to me betraught scho oʒ I went
Commandand me to be obedient.
And put in tyme that proces than quypt tynt
I promised hir forsyth oʒ scho wald synt
The buke ressauand charron my cure to preue.
Inclynand syns lawly I take my lewe.

Clyp chand this buke perauentur ʒe fall here
Sumtyme ester quhen I haue mate lasere.
By Symphe in hast tho hynt me by the hand
And as we fannyngh walkyt furth in fere
I the declare (sayd scho) zone myroure clere,
The quhilke thow saw afore dame Venus stand
Signynges nothing ellis till understand
Bot the gret bewy of thit ladyis facts
Nuhairin louers thinkis thay behald all gracie.

35, blys
buke he me
nis Alleg

The Buc
eys con-
clusion of
Venus wa-
rens

Choo me conuropit fñally to tell
With gret plesance I raunte to the ryche castell
Nuhate motysaw I pres til get inges
Thare saw I Spynon and Schittefell
Pressand til clym the wallis, and ho wthay fell,
Lucyus Catalyn saw I thare expres
In at a wyndow pres til hane entres
Bot suddandly Tullus come with a buke
And stake hym down quhill all his chaftis quike,

The par-
ties of his
nour is pa-
cent for he
wile vertus
as men are
not for vi-
tius fale v
craftey par-
yall.

Ihast clymmed vp thay lusty wallys of stone,
I saw Jugurtha and tresonabill Typhon
Bot thay na griddis thair mycht hald for syddis,
Pressand to clym stude thousandis many one

3.1.

3nd

The Palyng

And into the ground they fallen every one?

Than on the wall a garatour I considerde

Proclamand lond that did they hattis swiddie;

Falsched
the moder
of a vice. Out on falsched the mother of euerie byce;

Awax iny and brynnand couerbyce,

The garatour my nymphetho to me tald

Wes clepyt Lawte kepar of the hald

Of hte honout, and they peppl out schete

Swia presand thaym to clym, quilum wet bald

Ryght vertuous young, but fra tymme they wour ald

Fra honour hast one vice thair mindis lete.

Now shall shew go(quod sche)straucht to the zere

Of this palyce, and entre but offence

Patience. For the portar is clyped pacience.

the desce
ptis of the
Prince of
his honore
wth hys
Salte
Court.
Charity.
Constance.
Liberallite
Innocens
Dinocyon. The myghty prytice, the gretest Empriour

Of zone Palyce(quod scho hecht hie honout)

Wlham to dissecys mony craist officiate

For charite of gudlynnes is the Court,

Is maister houshald in zone cristall tour.

Terine Constance is the kyngis Secretarie,

And Liberalite heicht his Thesaurar,

Innocens and Deuocyon(as efferts)

Bene clerkeis of closet and cubicularis;

Misericordie Comptrowere is clepyt Discretioun;

Humanite Humanite, and crewo relatioun.

Peace, Muyet Rest, oft wakis by and down.

In till his hall as marchellis of tenoun;

Temperance is rube, his mete to fast and preue.

Humilit

of honour.

Mūnūlītē karuar thaē na wycht lyſt greue.
His maister se wer, hecht vertuous discipline
Mercy is copper, and misis well his wyne

Maister.
discipline
mercy

This Chanceller is clepyt consprence
Whilk for na mēd, will prōnounce a fals entēnce,
Whch him are assessoris sōut of one ascent
Science, prudence, Justice, Sapience.
Whilkis to na wycht, lyſt committing offence;
The chekkes rollys and the kyngis rent
As auditouris thap ourelets quha is spene.
Labouris, diligens, gud werkis, clene liuyng
Bene out stewardis, and catouris to zone kyng.

Conſcience
iustice pru-
dence dilig-
ence cle-
ne liuyng.

Gud hope remanys, euer amang zone's oþe
A syne mensual with mony mow and spoȝt.
And piete is the kyngis almoſetis
Syne forſtitude (the ryght quha lyſt te poȝe)
Is lieutenand al wzechys to comfort,
The kyngis mynizon roundand in his Cyp
Hecht vertue ded neitt leyl man deit
And schortly eueri vertew and plesance
Is ſubiect to zone kyngis obbeysance.

Hope.
Piete.
Forſtitude.
Wicheys

Come on (ſayd ſche) this ordēnāce to wylſte
Than paſt we to that cristall Palycē quhyte,
Whare I abayd the entretil behald.
I bad na mate of plesance nor delyte,
Of lufly ſyght, of toy and blys perfyte,
Nor mate wellfare til haue abone the mold
Than for til le that ſet of byȝnyst gold.
Whare on thair of maist curiouse in graue,

The Pals

All naturall thyng men may in erd confesse.

There wes the erth enueronpte wylh the see,
Whare on the schyppes saland myght Ise.
The ayre, the fyre, all the four climentis.
The spesis sewyn, and platum mobtie.
^{accouant} The sygnis twelf perfelycly every gree.
The zodiak hale as bukis representis,
The poli ancertik that euer hym selfe absents,
The poli artik and eth the briste wane
The sewyn steris, pheton, & the Thacie wane.

There wes Ingard quho dwat ganamedis
Hes rest till hewyn, as men in Duyd redis,
And on till Jupiter made his cheif burlare
The douchters late in to chayr lusty wedis,
Of Dozida amynd the see but dredis
Swymmand, and part wer figurit there
Upon a crag dywand thair zadowbare
With facts not onlyk, for quha thaym leyng
Myght well coulyddit that thay al sisteris beyng.

¶ Of the planetis all the coniunctionys,
There episciclis, and oppositionis,
Wer proturpt thair, and quhow thair couisis swagis.
There naturale, and dayly mentionis,
Eclipse, aspectis, and degressiounys,
There law Imonp gudly personagis,
Wherlikis sempt li luasty quirk rmagis,
The werkmanchispy exceeding mony told,
The precyus mater shocht it wes fynest gold.

of Honour.

Chendrand here on agane my wyl but lete
My synphe in grif schot me in at the set
Quhat Deuyl(said Scho)hes thou not ellis ado.
Bot all thy wyt ann fantaſy to ſet
On ſic dolyng, and tho for ferre I ſweſt
Of her langage, bot than anone ſaid Scho,
List thou ſe fairyes, behald thaym ȝendit lo
ȝitſtudy not oure mekſt a dyerd thou wary,
for I perſage the halſlyngis in a facy.

Within that þalþe ſone I gat a ſyght
Quhare walkand went ful mony woxthy wicheſ
Wymd the cloſe with all myxhys to wale,
For lyk Phēbus with ſyƿ beynys brychte
The wallys ſchane, caſtand ſa gree a lycht,
It ſemþ lyk the heuyn Imperiall.
And as the cedit ſurmontyth the cammale
In perſyt hycht, ſa of that court a glance
Excedis far all erdly hanc picſance.

Cfor loſt of ſyght conſiddeſt miche I nocti
Quhov perſyly the ryche wallys wet wrocheſ
ſta the reſlex of crafteſt ſtamps ſchone,
For brycheneſ ſkarly blenk thatton I mocht,
The purtſpit ſiluer (ſpithla as my thoſt)
In ſteid of ſyment, wes ouit all that wone
ȝet round about ful mony a berſall ſtone,
And thaym conſunctly I onyt fast and quempt.
The cloſe wes paſtis with ſiluer as it ſemþ.

CThe durtis and the wyndoſis all wer bryddys,
With maſſy gold, quhare of the ſpyns ſcheddis.

Wig

The Palyce

W^tch by^t h^tis euy^t baith Palyce and touris
W^ter thek^t well maist crakely that cled it.
For so the quhittly blanchis bone ouitspred it
Mydlyt with gold, anamalyt all colouris,
Suporturat of byrdis, and swete flouris.
Turris knottis, and mony ne deuyse.
Quhilkis to behald wes perlyt paradise.

End to p^{ro}cesd^{yn} my Nympe and I furth wens
Strauche to the hall thow out the Palyce tent,
And ten stags of Thopas did ascend
Schit wes the dure, in at a boit I blens,
Quhare I beheld the gladdest represent
That erit in erth a wrachit cay we kend,
W^telkly thes p^{ro}ces til conclude and end
We thocht the flure wes al of amarist,
Bot quhare of war the wallis I ne wist.

The multitud of p^{re}ctus stonis sete
That on swa schane my febill sycht but were
Myght not behald that hercules gudlynes
For all the ruf^tas did to me appete)
Hang full of plesand lowpyt saphyr^ts clere,
Of dyamantis, and rubys (as I ges)
W^ter all the burdis maid of mast riches
Of sardanus, of Haspe, and smaragdane
Crestis, somys, and benkis wer pollis^t plane.

To baith to and fro a myd the hall they went
Rial Princis in plate and armouris quent
Of byrnist gold, cuchit with p^{rec}pus stony^ts
Intonyt sat a god armypotent,

On

of honour.

On quhais gloxus bissage)as I bleue)
In extasy be his brychenes atony
He smote me doun and bryghte all my bonyg.
There lay I still in swoun with culour blauche
Nuhil at the last my Rymphe vp hes me kauche,

C Syne wyth greet pane with womentyng and care
In his armes scho bare me doun the state,
And in the clois full softly laid me doun,
Held vp my hefe to tak the hatsum ayre
Foz of my lyfe scho stude in greet dispaze,
We till awake ay wes that lady boun,
Nuhil finally out of my dedly swoun
I swyth outcome, and vp my Cyne did cast
We myzey man(quod scho)the werst is past;

C Get vp(scho said)foz schame be na coward
My hefe in wed thow hes a wyfis hart,
That foz a plesand lycht is so mysmaid
Than all in anger apon my fete I start,
And soþhit wordis wer a so appysmart
On to the Rymphe I maid a bustus braid,
Carlyng(quod I)quhat wes zone, at thow said?
Soþt zone(said sche)thay ar not wyle that stryups
Foz kyrmens wet ay tentill to ther wypus,

C I am ryche glaſt thou art wordyn so wyche
Langere(me thocht)how had nothir foſ, ne myche!
Curage, noz wyl foz till haue greuyt a fla,
Nuhil alyt the to fall(quod I)the lycht
Of zone goddes grym hypp bissage brycht
Quis set my wyt and all my spretis swa,

myche

of honour.

I myght not stand, bot wes that supþ ſa ſa
Than ſaid the Symphe ryght myghtie and leuich.
Now I conſider thy malt haſt well enuich.

C Iwyl (quod ſcho) na mate the thus aſſay
With ſic plesance quhilk may thy ſprete eſſay
3it ſall thow ſe ſuþchly (ſen thou art here)
My lydyng coure in thair gudly array
For till behalde thair myrth cum on thy wap.
Than hand in hand ſupþ wene we furth in fere
At a poſtum to wate the faire herbere,
In that paſſage full fast at hit I ſtanpt
Quhat folk thay wet within the hall remanpt.

Czon wer (ſaid ſcho) quha ſe the richt diſcretys
Whatſt haile and ſolk, and vertuus in thair lyups,
Now in the court of honour thay remane
Victorius, and in all plesance thayups,
For thay with ſprete, with ſwordys, and byþ knyups,
In fast battell wet ſuddyn maſt of name,
In thair p̄omptis, thay ſtude eur ſyrm and plane,
In thaym aboundit wortchyp and lawte
Illumynpt with liberaltie.

C Honour (quod ſcho) to this heuily ryng
Differris richt far from warldly honořing,
Quhilkis but pompe of erdly dignyte
Gyuen for eſtate of blude myght or ſic thyng,
And in this countee prynce, prelate or kyng
Allanerly ſall for vertu honořpt be.
For erdly glore is not bot vanyle
That as we ſe, ſa ſuddandy will wend

of honour.

Bot vertuus honour neulc mact fall end.

CBehald(sald scho) and se this wretched gloze
Wairst inconstant, wairst flyd and transitoze
Prosperite in erd is bot a dreame
Or lyk as man wet steppand oute a score.
Now is he law, that wes so hie to score.
And he quhilm wes boorne pure of his deme,
Now his estate schynys lyke the sonne beme
Batch vp and doun, batch to and fro(we se)
This waird weltryg as dois the wally see,

W worldy
gloze is
bot a dreame
we.

CTo papis, bischoppis, prelatis, and p[ri]matis,
Emp[er]ouris, kinges, princes, potestatis
De th settis the tyme, and end of all thair hyche,
Frathay began, late se quha on thaym watys.
Na thynge remans, bot same of thair estacis.
And not ellis bot vertuus werkis riche
Hall with thaym wend, nother thair pompe nor myche
By vertu cnyngis in lestand honour cleere
Remembir than that vertu hes no pere.

CFor vertu is a thng sa precyous
Duhare of the end is sa delycious,
The waird ma not consyddit quhat it is;
It makis folk persepe and glozous.
It makis sanctis of pepill victous.
It causis folk ay leue in lestand blys,
It is the way til hie honour I wys.
It dancis deh, and every vice thow w myche
wolch out vertu, sy on all etdly mycht.

For comedie
of vertu
the waird
is the way
to honour
and not eth
ches or hie
blud.

Vertu

Vertu

Of Honour.

CVertu is ilk the perfye sikkyn way,
And not ellis, til honour lestand ay.
For mony hes sene vittous pepul byheit
And estir lone thair glory vanys away
Quhat of exemplis we se this every day.
His erdly pompe is gone, quhen that he deyt
Than is he with no erdly frend supplete
Sauand Vertu, wellis him hes sic a fete.
Now wil I schaw(quod sche) quhat folk bene here.

CThe strangest Sampson, is in to zone bald,
The foysy pyssand Hercules, so bald.
Exemplis
of vertuous
men & wos
men,
The fairs & chill, and all the nobillis nyne,
Scipio, Africane, Pompeius the ald.
Whir mony quhais namys afore are tald
With thousandis may than I may here diffine,
And lusly ladyis amyd thay lordis syne,
Semitamis, Thamar, Polytha,
Pantrissale, Medus, Cenobia.

COf thy regyon zondit bene honore part,
The kyngis Gregor, Kened, and kyng Robert,
Wþþþ otheris mo that beis not here rehersyt.
Waryit(quod scho) ap be thy megyz hart,
Thow suld haue sene had thou biddin in zon art
Quhat wþþe zone hevynly company conuersyt
þa worth thy febyll brane sa lone wes perlit,
Thow mycht haue sene remanand quhare thow was
A huge pepyl punyft for thair trespass,
Wicked
people
punyfed.
Inays.
Wyrds.

CQuhilkis be wþfull manyfest Arrogance
Anypus pride, pretendit Ignorance,

Towle

The Palys

Fowle dwblynes, and distate bnameudit,
Enforcys thaym thair selwyn til auance
We sle, falheid, but lawte or constan ce
Myth subtelnes and Aychtys now commendis
Betraisand folk that nevir to them offendit,
And vphetys thaim self thow frawful lippis
Choc'h ged cause of thare erdly glore eclippis.

Ignorance
Disease

¶ And nobillis cumyn of honorabill ancestry.
Chair berlus nobilite settis nocti by
For dishonest vnsellfull worldly ways,
And thow corruppit couatus Inuy
Bot he that can be dwbill, nane is set by.
Distate is wisdom, lawte, honour away is.
Ryght few or nane takis tent chair to thit dags,
And thare gret wrangis till reforme but let
In Judgement zone god wes zondit set

Distaste
cratynnes
ar baldyn
wisdome
now a day
es verite &
iustis is
calyp sim
plicere &
folghnes.

¶ Remanand zondit, thow mycht haue herd belyue
Pronouncit the gret sentence distinctiue
Twichand this actionn and the dreidful pane
Excute on trespassouris sit on lyue.
Swa that thair malycyall na mare prescryue?
Madame (quod I) for goddis sake turn agane,
My sprett desyris to se thair torment fane.
(Quod scho)richt now thare fall thow be retosyt,
Duhen thow hes tane the ayz and bettir apposyt,

¶ Bot first thow sal considrit commoditeis
Of our gardynng, lo full of lusty trees,
All hys cypres of fle wter malst fragrant,
Our ladyis zondet blisy as the beis

R.16

The

The Pals

The swete florid colouris of cethoreis
Gaddis full fast mony grene tendir plane,
For with all plesance plenly is zone hant.
Quhare precious stans on treis doyth abound
In sted of frute charght with petrles round,

¶ On till that gudly garth thus we proced
Quhilk with a large fowly fare on breid
Inuenoyt wes, quhare fysches wer new
All watter foulis, wer swomandhair gud speid,
Als out of growand treis thatc saw I breid,
Foulis that hyngeand by thair nebbis grew
Out out thay stank of mony divers hew
Wes laid a tre, out quhilk behouyt we pas
Bot I can not declare quhare of it wes.

¶ My Nymphe went ouir chargeand meselw fast,
Hit till obbeyp my spretis wout agast,
Swa peralus wes the passagis till aspy.
Alway sche went, and fra tymme sche wes past
Upon the bryg I entit at the last,
Bot swa my hatnis trymlyt blylyp
Quhyl I fell out and batch my fete slaid by.
Out ouir the hede in to the stank adoun
Quhare as methoche, I wes in point to droun

¶ What thoro the byrdis sang at this astry,
Out of my swoun I wakk pnyt quhare I lay
The one shouretynnes
nes frome his dreme
so hir self agane. In the gardyn quhare I fyft down fell
About I blent for richt clere was the day.
Bot all thys lusty plesance wes away.
He thocht that fare herbere matst lyk to hel.

Of Honour.

In till compare of this þe herd me tell.
Allace, allace. I thocht me than in pane
And langyt late for till haue swounyt agane,

C The byrdis sang, dorȝ sit the mete floures;
Myght not ameys my greuowis greet dolouris;
All erdly thyng me thocht barrant and byle.
Thus I remanpt in to the gartt twa houris
Cursand the feildis with all the fare coullouris;
That I awolke ose warland the quhyle
Always my mynd wes on the lusty ple
In purpose eirtil haue dwelt in that are
Of rethorik culouris till haue fund sum parte;

C And maist of all my curage wes aggrest,
Becaus sa lone I of my dreame escheupt
Nocht seand quhow thay wzechis wet tormentis
That honour mankyt aud honeste myscheupt
Gladly I wald amyd thys wryt haue breupt
Had I it sene quhe wthay wet slane orschent,
Bot fra I saw all thys weifare wes went
Till mak ane end sittand vnder a tre
In laude h[er]f honour I wrait this versis thre.

C O h[er]f honour swete heuynly flout degest,
Gem vertuous, maist prectus, gudlyest
For h[er]f rounoun, thow art guerdoun condyng;
Of woschapp kend, the gloriis end and rest.
But quhau in ryght, na worthy wiche, may leist,
Thy greet puissance, may maist auance all thyng;
And pouerale, to myche auale, sone byng;
I the requyze, sen thow but pere, art best.

Ballade
in the com-
mendatio[n]
of honour
a vertus.

That

of honour.

That estis this, in thy hie blys we ryng.

COf grace, thy face, in every place, so schynys
That swete, all spreit, batch heid and feit, inclynys.
Thy gloze a soze, forz tyl implore, remed.
He docht, ryche noct, quhilk out of thocht, the kyngis,
Thy name, but blame, and tiall fame, dwyne is,
Thow port, at schoort, of our comfort, and red,
Tyll bryng; all thyng, tyll gladyng, estis deid.
All wycht, but lycht, of thy greet myght, ay crinis
Dschene, I mene, name may sustene, thy feid.

CHail rois, maist chois, tyl clois, thy foy, gret myche
Hail stone, quhilk schone, apon the trone, of lyche.
Werte w, quhais crew, suet dew, ouerthrew, all wyce,
Was ay, ilk day, gat say, the way, of lyche.
Amend, offend, and send, our end, ay ryche,
Thow stant, ordant, as sant, of grant, maist wyse
Til be, supple, and the, hie gre, of wyce,
Delyte, the rite, me quye, of lyte, to dyche.
For I apply, schoorly, to thy deyse, &c.

CThe auctor direkis his buke to the ryche
nobill Prynce, James the ferd Kyng
of Scottis.

TRiumphus, Laud with Palm of victory
The Laurete crown of infynyte glory
Hail gracious prince, our souerane James the ferd
Thy magesy, mot haue eternally
Suppreme honour, tenoun of cheualry.

Felicite

The Palys

Felycite perduand in this erd,
With etern blys in the heryn by fatal werd,
Resaue this ruste curall rebaldry
Lakard cunnyng, fra thye puys lege onlerd

Chughylk in the syght of thy magnisſeſce
Conſydanſ in ſo gret beneuolence
Proponis thus my wulgate Ignorance
Maſt humely wþth dew obedyence
Beſekand oſt thy mychty excellenſe,
Be grace til pardon all ſic variante,
With ſumbenyng reſpect of ferme conſtanſe,
Remyttand my pretendit negligenſe
Thow quhaſt mycht may humyll thyng auance

CWret, but all quair, of eloquence all quyte
With rufſet werd, and ſentenſe imperfyte
Til cum in plane, ſe that thow not pretend tha
Thy battant termis, and thy vyle endypte
Hall not be min, I wyll not haue the wyte
For as for me I quycleme that I kend tha,
Thow art bot ſtouth, thyft louys lyth but lyte
Not worth a myte, pray ilk man ill anichd tha
fare on with ſyte, and on thiſ wyſe I end tha, &c.

Finis.

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